

say, 'Why, pa, you wouldn't kill Ralph, would you

say, 'Why, pa, you wouldn't kill Ralph, would you?' 'I would take him, and sell him, and get money for him,' said the next of age. 'You will only lame him, I suppose,' said the mother. 'I would rather kill him than the best fat buck in the count,' replied the father, as he rammed down the heavy charge. The moonlight from the window glanced along the barrel of the piece, and caught the eye of the eldest boy. The reflected light kindled up his glance and something of an unnatural flast, but in vivid sympathy with the paternal look and attitude. The anticipated joy of vengeance seemed to be the predominating emotion."

Q. If the laws are as you say, I should think the slaves did not stand a fair chance when they are *wrongfully* accused.

A. If you will examine Stroud's Compendium of the Slave Laws, you will be convinced for yourself, that what I say is true; and the effect is as you suppose. The poor slaves are completely in the power of their masters. The same men who accuse them are often their judges and executioners. In illustration of this, I will tell you a case that occurred in Edenton, North Carolina. It was told by a woman who lived there at the time, and witnessed some of the executions. Many of the slaves in that place

They were skilful in mechanical contrivances, and they were the backbone country of very numerous purchases some of which were made by the slave himself, and found to be so profitable to him, that they would not consent to sell them. Those who were anxious to buy, hit upon the following expedient to obtain their purpose: They wrote anonymous letters, charging these intelligent slaves with having projected an insurrection. These letters were scattered about in Edenton, with the idea that the masters would be glad to sell such dangerous fellows; but instead of this, the poor innocent slaves were tried, convicted, and executed. In some of our papers, we have seen a large number of these put to death, upon no other evidence than anonymous letters.

A. If you reflect a little upon human nature, I believe you will think it perfectly natural that such abuses should exist, wherever one human being has arbitrary power over another. You would not like

fect in the quality, and the quantity is then insufficient. The present economy of the slave system is to get all you can from the slave, and give him as little as will barely support him in a wretched condition. Even where there is not direct intention to abridge his comforts, they are but little consulted; and the slave, seeing his master wholly grossed by his own advantage, naturally adopts the same selfish course, and, when not restrained by other principles, becomes deceitful and selfish."

Q. If Mr. Thomas Clay is a good man, and really thinks slavery so bad in its effects, why does he not manumit his own slaves?

4. If you were to ask him, I suppose he would give an answer very common among planters. He would tell you that he could not do it, because the laws of the State in which he lives impose such heavy penalties, that the process of emancipation is extremely difficult and expensive.

4. Who make the laws of the Southern States
A. The slave-holders themselves. When I hear
any man say that he would gladly emancipate his
slaves, if the *laws* would allow it, it makes me think
of an anecdote I have often heard. A little girl in
England ordered to perform some household work in the
presence of her mother. When the parent returned,
she saw that her orders had not been obeyed, sl
said, "My child, why have you not done as I b
"The little girl replied, "I should have been
to do it, mother; but I could not. Don't yo
"And I am tied?" "And pray who tied you?" r
"I tied myself." "I tied myself," was the
Now this is plainly the case with the slave
holders. They make oppressive laws, and persist
in holding those laws, and then say, "I would do m
if I could; but the *laws* will not permit it."
Do the slaves have to work all the time?

1. In some States the laws ordain that slaves shall not be compelled to work *more than fourteen hours a day*, from September to March, nor more than *ten* hours a day, from March to September. It is reasonable to conclude that there would have been no necessity for making such a law, unless some masters *did* compel their slaves to work more, and the specified hours. Convicts, who are imprisoned for a year or more, are not obliged to work more than ten hours a day, and are better fed than the slave. It is an extraordinary thing for a slave to be sent to the state prison for an offence. Instead of punishment, it would in fact be a melioration of his lot.

2. But I have been told that the slaves sometimes work for themselves.

3. When they happen to have kind masters, they are sometimes allowed a part of the time to do something for themselves; but the laws are extremely inefficient for the protection of property thus acquired. If a white man sees fit to seize the products of their industry, the law in most cases affords no redress; because in slave States a colored man is never allowed to give evidence against a white man, under any circumstances. Any state of hands, written contract with a slave, is worth no more than a promissory note to a dog, because no slave could bring an action against several of the States, and he is liable to punishment if it is ascertained that he has acquired any property.

4. I have been told that masters are allowed to whip their slaves. Can this be true?

The laws do indeed nominally consider the killing of a slave as murder; but no instance has ever been recorded of a white man executed for killing a slave. One law on this subject has the following strange qualification: "Except the slave die of moderate correction." As if any punishment that occasioned death *could* be moderate! If a hundred stripes or mutilates, either bond or free, should so injure a slave murdered, it avails nothing against the murderer; because the laws of slave States do not allow a colored person, under any circumstances, to testify against a white man. The laws of South Carolina favor the master to such a degree, that, when accused of murdering a slave, he may be absolved simply upon *his own oath*, that he did not commit the crime!

But I am told that white men are not uniformly prosecuted for cruelty to slaves; and that, as if the laws afforded the poor creatures some protection.

I have had not a few Reports of Cases in the Southern Courts; and those reports did more than anything else to make me an abolitionist. Prosecutions are always brought for the *master's* interest, not for the protection or redress of the *slave*. In Martin's Louisiana Reports, 1818, you will find the case of Jourdan vs. Patten. In this case a lady sued her neighboring proprietor for the damage of putting out the eye of one of her slaves. The Supreme Court decided that the defendant should pay the lady a sum of twelve hundred dollars; in consideration of which, the slave should be placed in *his* possession. The lady received all the money, as an indemnification for the loss of property; but the poor slave not only received no atonement for his sufferings, but was actually given to the very man that

known have yet out. This is a fair sample of the nature of all such prosecutions. In North Carolina, as reported in the *North Carolina and South Carolina Reports*, 1818, it is stated that a slave belonging to Mrs. E. Witsell, was shot down the head by two men who were hunting away negroes. The lady commenced an action to recover the value of her slave. The judge told the jury that circumstances might exist to authorize the killing of a negro, *without the sanction of a magistrate, or even the order of a military officer*; and that, if such circumstances were not connected with this case; the lady was therefore entitled to compensation for injury done to her property. And the poor slave himself, his parents, his children, and his wife were never once thought of in the matter. But do you really believe they hunt negroes down for the sake of the property?

dogs and hams, as some people say. There cannot be the slightest doubt of the truth of these expressions. I am not necessary to justify the practice, by saying it is also necessary for the white planters to do so for their own safety, because run-away negroes, who collect in the woods and swamps, are always ready to commit depredations on the neighboring estates. Thus the evils inevitably flowing out of this bad system are made use of to encourage its cruelties. Free laborers would have no occasion to run away and hide in swamps. I can only obviously be for their own interest to keep a check on these negro hunts seem to be entered into. I shall all the keen excitement of sportsmen going out to hunt squirrels or hares. A letter written near Hampton, N. C. among other items of news, states: 'We have had a great negro shooting lately.' The sportsman well known in the literary world residing some time in the family of a Georgia planter, has himself stated to me, that three negro hunters took place during the first nine months of his stay there. He said, that one night, hearing a noise, he started, he hastened to his arms, and he and his two companions, the family were cleaning and loading their guns, trying their flints, and going through the usual preparations, apparently for a deer hunt, as buck shot and bullets were in demand. The children of the family had partaken of the general excitement, and arisen from their beds. As I entered the room, I could hear one of the younger

the people to the adoption of anti-slavery principles and practice. We are greatly behind here. Our friends at the East can scarcely form an adequate conception of the labor that is indispensably necessary to bring the people out from their pro-slavery degradation. A large portion (nearly half) of the inhabitants are composed of southern people—many of them of the lowest and most ignorant class—many of the better class were slaveholders, and filled their pockets with the price of blood. These are the hardest cases. It is necessary here to dwell long and minutely on the fundamental principles of abolition. Truth is needed to enlighten the *conscience* and purify the *heart* of the people. And I have often wished that every anti-slavery paper that comes into the State, might have abolition enough in it to convert an opponent—i. e. such an exhibition of slavery as it is, and of abolition *principles, measures, and objects*, as would be sufficient to enlighten and rectify the mind of any individual who should take up the paper. My course is to present the subject as the students of Lane used to present it in eighteen hundred thirty-four, five and six. It is what some have called "primitive abolition."

It has been represented in some of our eastern papers, that the abolitionists of Illinois are unanimously, or nearly so, in favor of "independent political party action."—That is a mistake. The majority of the Society, in every regular State meeting, have refused to take that ground. Political action is very feeble amongst us, because moral action has scarcely begun to exert its influence on the mass of the people. Our main, if not only work, is to scatter light, to preach the truth. Here is our strength, and here, the ground of our success.

May the spirit of our Heavenly Father be with you, and make you equal to the responsibilities resting on you, is the prayer of
Your fellow laborer,

WILLIAM T. ALLAN.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXX.

Samuel Wilson.

Samuel Wilson was a slave to a person who resided on the Eastern Shore of Maryland; and becoming weary of his condition as such, he adopted the following stratagem to obtain his freedom. He asked permission of his master to go a fishing, which was granted; and he left home, as his master supposed, for that purpose. As he did not return, his master, the next morning, fearing

some accident might have happened to him, went to the place where Samuel usually sailed, when to his astonishment and regret, he found the canoe anchored, a short distance from the land, bottom up, and the mast that on the shore near it. No doubt remained in the mind of his master that he was drowned.

Samuel went immediately, and as privately as he could, to Philadelphia, where he felt himself secure, as he had good reason to conclude that no efforts would be used to find him; and so it proved; for he was not even advertised. He let himself during several years in different families, and his faithfulness in whatever he undertook gained him many friends. All who knew him respected him.

Several years elapsed,—I think seven or eight,—when his master went to Philadelphia; and on a first-day morning, as he was passing down North Second street, and opposite the meeting-house commonly called Christ's Church, the congregation, having just been dismissed, were coming out in great numbers. Among them was Samuel, who being under no apprehension of danger, walked directly to meet his master before he reached the

Master and man were mutually surprised; and the former immediately seized the latter by the collar and exclaimed, "Why, Sam, is this you?" Sam replied, "You are a stranger to me, sir." A smart controversy soon commenced, and was carried on with considerable spirit on both sides; so much so, as to attract the notice of those passing by. Sam retained his composure, and, with the fortitude of a philosopher, insisted that he was free, and was never a slave to any man. He said he could readily satisfy the gentleman that he was mistaken, and proposed that they should go to Charles Wharton's, with whom he said he lived, and who would testify to the truth of all he said.

They accordingly went to Charles Wharton's, and when they arrived at his house, Sam ran up the high steps that led to the front door, opened it, invited the gentlemen into the parlor, and asked them to take a seat, while he called "Mr. Wharton." Sam had got his master, and the person who was with him, completely off their guard, and he concluded to turn it to his own advantage. Instead of calling to Mr. Wharton, he left the gentlemen

After some minutes, Charles Wharton went into his parlor, and was surprised to find it occupied by strangers. He inquired what business brought them there—they apologized for the apparent intrusion, and stated to him the circumstances of the case. He informed them that the man had lived with him several months as a coachman, and had conducted himself to his satisfaction in that capacity; that he passed for a free man, and he always supposed he was so; and that was all he knew about him. The master then requested that Sam might be brought forward to answer for himself. C. W. replied, that if he was the man they alleged him to be, it was not probable he was then about the premises; but he said he would inquire. Search was made, but Sam was

to be found and the master and his friend withdrew, grievously chagrined at the deception that had been practised upon him.

Sam knew that he would not be secure in Philadelphia, unless he could obtain a manumission. To accomplish that object, he made application to Jeremiah Warder, a respectable merchant, who undertook to negotiate with his master, and finally succeeded in securing the freedom of Sam for a moderate amount,—I think it was one hundred and fifty dollars,—which he paid, and Sam remunerated him by his faithful services.

Sam practised deception, it is true; but when we consider that he had lived the greater part of his life a slave, which is calculated to blunt the moral sense, and that his

liberty was at stake, it would seem to palliate, though not to justify, the act. On every other occasion, those who knew him testified, that he was remarkable for his veracity and integrity. If professed ministers of the gospel can attempt to justify *slavery* from the Bible, or from the peculiar circumstances with which it is connected, surely they could find an apology for Sam in this case!

About the year 1805, Samuel Wilson lived, as a servant, next door but one to me in Philadelphia, and conducted with propriety, and used to relate the manner in which he got his freedom, with much pleasure.

A GOOD EXAMPLE—WHO WILL FOLLOW IT ?

THE following letter from EDMUND QUINCY to the Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, enclosed \$15, from as many individuals, on the Dollar Plan.—For the acknowledgment, see the Dollar List.

—

DEDHAM, July 18, 1841.

ISAAC T. HOPPER:

Respected Friend,—I rejoice to see that so many are coming up to fulfil their engagements in relation to funds; though I am rather surprised that the Dollar Plan has not been more generally carried out. It is so perfectly simple, and yet wital so sufficient and effectual, that I am sure it will be made the channel through which abundant supplies of your necessities will flow to you.

The sum sent hence is not large, to be sure; but it shows what may be done in other places. New Organization has done its work in this town, and made fearful havoc in the ranks of professing abolitionists. A few, however, as you will perceive, have remained faithful, and are willing to show their faith by their works. The way we did it here, was on this wise. Some of us, who had voted for this arrangement at the annual meeting, or the New-England Convention, felt ill at ease until something was done to carry the resolution into effect.

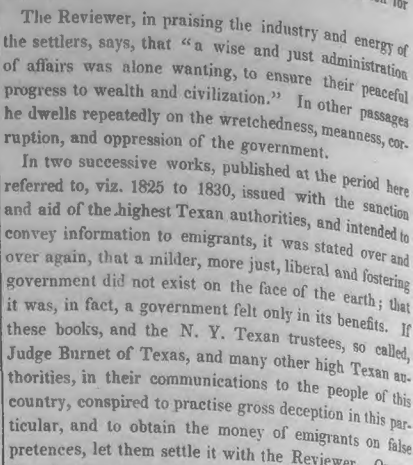
"Fugitives from justice, and other outcasts of society,"

I was not aware that this was ever asserted by abolitionists, or by anybody. It was never said, to my knowledge, that Austin's colony was of this character. Just now, the Reviewer had it that abolitionists said the early settlers were "mounted slave owners." Does he mean that these, and the "fugitives from justice," are represented to be the same? The two statements are inconsistent, and both are destroyed. None has ever existed—the first colonists were "fugitives from justice." That there was afterwards, and is now, a constant accession to this description, has been said, may be said, and perfectly true. If the southwestern papers mention a great thief, public defaulter, or an assassin, who is sent to the penitentiary, we are told that he is a "fugitive from justice."

the sequel of the paragraph is pretty sure to be, "run for Texas." The same papers have stated that it has come a regular return of the election.

are said to have become civil and military functionaries.

inhabitants of Texas were found in it.



The Reviewer says that no provision was made for public education, which was a great grievance to the American settlers. The

"On two occasions collision between the Central Government and the Texans was prevented by the prudence of Austin, who induced the former to repeal two decrees, passed in 1829 and 1830, for the summary abolition of slavery; which, if carried into effect, would have freed, without compensation, every slave whom the American settlers had brought with them into Texas."

In the first place, the decree of 1829, abolishing slavery throughout Mexico, has never been repealed; but its law in Mexico to this day. The Texans evaded it by fraudulently binding their slaves apprentices, with their apparent consent, for "ninety-nine years."²⁴

In the second place, that very decree did contain the principle of compensation, and declared that the Congress should make provision therefore. So much for facts 5 & 6.

The Reviewer dwells with delight on the circumstance, that, in the Texan declaration and grievances, he "finds none respecting the disposition of the Mexican Government to prevent the existence of slavery in its territory, though the advocates of the latter have attempted to enlist European sympathies on their side, by representing the Texan revolt as originating in a mere desire of upholding slavery."

The simplicity of this writer is really exhilarating, it is simplicity. Did he not know, or did not common sense whisper to him, that it was, and would necessarily, be a cardinal point with the Texans, to negative and do away the idea that they were revolting and fighting for the preservation and extension of slavery? This was long been, and, as I believe, with entire truth, stated by them. They knew that much aid of men and money which was being prepared for them in the free States would be arrested if they avowed the fact; besides that it would have an ugly sound all over the world. And so, because they did not say in their declarations, designed to procure sympathy and assistance from the friends of liberty, that they were fighting for slavery, the Reviewer takes it for granted that this was not even among the motives of revolt. Has he never heard of Talleyrand and "language being given to conceal thoughts"? Does he not know that this great republic of the United States, which has consecrated slavery in its Constitution, by clothing it with enormous and controlling political power, has never named slavery? But he tells us, as has been seen, that these Texans were on the verge of rebellion in behalf of slavery, in 1829-'30; and also, that the prohibition of the introduction of fresh slaves was regarded with jealousy." This is stated, apparently, as among the reasonable grounds of complaint. Because the Mexicans would not, in compliance to these amiable and modest settlers, (whose conduct the Reviewer declares in general, to have been "admirable,") lay open their whole country to the slave trade, which had been abolished by statute nearly ten years, agreeably to a treaty then existing with Great Britain, the Reviewer thinks there was just ground on the part of the colonists for jealousy, as it would prevent settlers and slaves from coming from the United States? Admirably consistent admirable justice!;

On such premises the Reviewer comes to this self-gar-

"We trust that we have removed the greater portion of the prejudice against Texas, by showing that the Texas revolution was not, as was commonly asserted, a revolution for the maintenance of negro slavery."

In another place, the Reviewer says that the Convention could induce the Texans to give up the privilege of introducing slaves from the United States. What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter by his own showing? Hear it. The Texans were ready to fight either for slavery or the slave trade; the Mexicans abolished both; and yet neither had anything to do with their fighting, for neither appears "among their complaints" because they were down so deep in conscious guilt. Did the Reviewer never read the soliloquy of Richard, where he talks of the plot he had laid for the murder of his brother, and then, for opening the way to his independence and a crown, but is suddenly interrupted by the approach of his murderer?

Col. Bouie is celebrated by the Review as a hero, and of a "renowned family," "well known as having invented the bouie-knife," which, however, it is asserted, neither he nor his family "employed, only in hunting." I have been informed that this Bouie was one of the most pernicious and bloody blackguards and brawlers in the whole Southwest, and that is saying much; that before that knife, he had laid many a man low, before he took up his march for Texas. Yet, in the capital of Scotland, he is canonized as a hero, almost a Bayard! The Tex-

They must look queer, though they may be true, they read this.

Where are the Jeffreyses, Broughams, the Smiths, the Maceneuleys, that such stuff defiles the pages of the ancient and mighty whig Review? Where are the old-time leaders they were wont to launch against gigantic villany? The Reviewer seems to imply, all along, that, if the Texans did revolt and fight for slavery and not for liberty, then their reputation, which he admits to be bad,

* I was told, at the time, by good authority, that the regular and industrious settlers did not want the war; that they filed the government, but that they were overawed by ruffians, congregated under Houten, himself a ruffian and an adventurer.

† This practice continued, both in respect to slavery already in the province, and those brought from the United States, until 1855, the time of the revolt.

‡ The truth is, that the laws against slavery and the slave trade were not at all alike rigid; and South America was really in the revolt and

solved to carry them into execution in Texas. Hence the revolution.

stand in history. I invite him to look deeper into the subject, remembering the English maxim, that no man is a witness in his own case. I also invite him to read, when he may learn what abolitionists have really said, and to chase them with things they never said or thought of. — D. L. C.

JOSEPH STURGE'S LETTER TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

The following letter is addressed to that division of Friends called Orthodox, with whom Joseph Sturge is in friendly relations, but it seems about equally applicable to both divisions of the Friends, and we trust both will give it a careful and candid perusal.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

My dear Friends:

Having for many years believed it my duty to devote considerable portion of my time and attention to the consideration of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade, and to have acted in cordial co-operation with the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society since its formation. The principles of that society may be briefly explained by the extracts from its Constitution: "That so long as slavery exists, there is no reasonable prospect of the abolition of the slave trade, and of extinguishing the pollution of human beings;—that the extinction of slavery and the slave trade will be attained most effectually and by the employment of those means which are of a moral, religious, and pacific character;—and, that no measure be resorted to by this society, in the prosecution of its objects, but such as are in entire accordance with the principles."

I visit to this country had reference, in a great measure, to the objects for which this society was established, but, although I left my native land with the general approbation and full unity of my friends, they concurred in my opinion, that any official document, beyond a certificate from my monthly meetings, expressive of sympathy with my engagement, might rather obstruct than promote the end I had in view. I was desirous of a personal interchange of sentiment with many of the abolitionists in this land, upon matters having an important bearing upon our future exertions. The warm attachment which I have ever felt to the religious society with which I am connected, and the ready co-operation of its members by their Christian neighbors in promoting this cause in Great Britain, inclined me to embrace every favorable opportunity to communicate with Friends in this country; and I have been encouraged, not only by the personal kindness I have received from them generally, but also by the lively interest expressed by most on the subject of emancipation, wherever I have introduced

further acquaintance with Friends, in the compass of the three or four yearly meetings in which my lot has been cast, and my inquiries respecting the state of the yearly meetings, have convinced me, that a large number of their most consistent members, including many of the most universally respected Friends, are desirous of embracing every right opening, both individually and collectively, for the promotion of the abolition cause,—while they are fully aware that there are reasons, arising out of the existing state of things, which render it at present necessary, that they can see no good in believing that the manner in which Friends of this country, of a former generation, labored for the liberation of the slave, was not under the guidance of the spirit of truth.

This is now the course pursued by Friends, generally, in England. That there may be no misapprehension as to the conduct of Friends, with regard to this subject, in this country, I may mention that I am the bearer of an account, expressive of unity with my visit, signed by Allen, Josiah Forster, Wm. Forster, George Sturge, Samuel Fox, George W. Alexander, and Robert Sturge, who declare themselves fellow members, with me, of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committee. This Committee is composed of persons of various religious denominations, amongst whom it will be seen many of the prominent members of our meeting for the year. Upon the list of delegates of the late Antislavery Convention in London, are the names of nearly a hundred well-known Friends, including those of four or five, or have been, clerks of the Yearly meeting; the present clerk of that meeting, my esteemed friend, George Stacey, took an active part, and rendered essential service in the Convention. The meeting-house in Church Street was freely granted by Friends in London, who have charge of it, for the use of the Convention; and the concluding sittings of that body were held in it.

In fact, Friends generally in England think it their duty to render every aid in their power to the anti-slavery cause, whether in their collective capacity, or individually, uniting with their fellow citizens when they can do so without any compromise of our religious principles. I speak more explicitly on this point, as I have ascertained, with much concern, that there is a influential portion of the Society, including, I have doubt, some sincere abolitionists, who have been so far from the testimonies of the Society might suffer by union with others, that they not only avoided such operations themselves, but have dissuaded those of their brethren who have believed it incumbent upon them to do otherwise; and in one Yearly meeting, at least, I too much reason to fear they have tacitly, if not actually, sanctioned the omission of the names of Friends meeting appointments,—however consistent in their conduct, and concerned for the welfare of the Society,—only because they have felt it their duty to act with persons of other denominations in promoting the abolition of slavery. Thus, in appearance at least, throwing the weight and influence of the Society, in its collective capacity, against a movement which, although doubtless partaking of the imperfection attendant upon all human instrumentality, has already aroused the whole country to a sense of the wrongs of the slave, and secured to the nominally free colored citizens, in many of the States, rights of which they have been so long and so unjustly deprived.

I can hardly expect that any thing from one individual, retaining my views of the subject, can have much weight with those Friends who, with a full understanding of the heavy responsibility they were assuming, have dissuaded anti-slavery exertions, and the use of our meeting-houses, even by consistent members, for the purpose of giving information on the subject,—yet, as it has been no small degree of anxiety, both in reference to the anti-slavery cause, and the Society of Friends, I believe I cannot return to my native land with a calm mind, without earnestly and affectionately pressing upon such Friends, the great importance of a careful consideration of the ground which they have taken. Our recent adversary is sometimes permitted to lead us to the most fearful errors, when he assumes the appearance of an angel of light. And is there not greater cause in encouraging the young and inexperienced to persevere in the maintenance of any of our testimonies, if neglected, except when we feel a divine intimation to uphold them; and may it not open the door to laxity in our practice? While I fully believe that the true disciple of Christ will be favored with the intimate guidance of the Holy Spirit, whenever it is needed to direct his steps, it appears to me especially important, that, in matters of self-sacrifice, and conflicting with worldly interest or reputation, we should guard against being deluded into a neglect of duty, by waiting till that divine intimation, where the path of duty is obvious and clearly understood, and when testimonies concerning which we have long considered it our duty

It is right to state, that I was much encouraged by the lively expression of sympathy in the anti-slavery cause, in the Yearly meetings in Philadelphia and New York. That, at the former place, Friends met on the meeting-house for my friend John Chandler to give some information on the subject, and to him and me, for the purpose, but he not only readily granted to him and me, for the purpose, but the clerks of the Yearly meeting kindly gave no and invited Friends to attend.

ty, on all occasions, to support. If, under such a view of the subject, we do believe it our duty to cease to act ourselves, and discourage our brethren from laboring in the cause of the slave; a close self-examination surely is needed, in order to ascertain if we are consistently carrying out the same principle in our daily walk in life, in our mercantile transactions, our investments of property, in our connection with public institutions, and with political parties?

It should be borne in perpetual recollection, that we are in no small danger of shrinking from a faithful maintenance of those testimonies which are unpopular with the world, as well as of not seeing our own neglect of duty, while ensuring the real or supposed indiscretion of others. Besides, if this good cause be really endangered by popular excitement, and the indiscretion of its imprudent advocates, the obligation of consistent Friends to be found at their posts, faithfully maintaining the testimony of truth on its behalf, is greatly increased. And it is under such circumstances, that I think I have seen the peculiar advantage and protection to our young Friends in England, of having their elder brethren with them, aiding them by their sympathy, as well as advice and counsel. I am persuaded that those who are called to occupy the foremost ranks in society, cannot be too careful not to impose a burden upon tender consciences by discouraging, either directly or indirectly, a course of conduct which is sanctioned by the precepts and examples of our Divine Master,—lest they alienate from us some of His disciples, and thereby greatly injure the Society they are so laudably anxious to keep "unspotted from the world."

We are told, on the highest authority, that, "by their fruits" we are to judge of the laborers in the Christian vineyard,—and while I am fully aware of the greater difficulties in the way of emancipation here as compared with Great Britain, I have been almost irresistibly led to contrast the difference in the results of the course pursued by Friends in the two countries. In America, during the last twenty-five years, it is evident that slavery and the slave trade have greatly increased, and even where the members of our Society are the most numerous and influential, the prejudice against color is as strong as in any part of the world; and Friends themselves, in many places, are by no means free from this prejudice.—In Great Britain, Friends, by Society action, and by uniting with their fellow countrymen, not only contributed, under Providence, in no small degree to the passage of the act of 1834, for the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, but, when it was found that the system of apprenticeship, which this act introduced, was made an instrument of cruel oppression to the slaves, a renewal of similar labors for about twelve months resulted in the complete emancipation of our colored brethren in those colonies.

In closing this letter, I wish to address a few words to that numerous and valuable class of Friends, previously alluded to, with whom I deeply sympathize, who are only deterred from more active exertion by their reluctance to give dissatisfaction to those whom they respect. The sorrow which I feel under the consideration, that, in parting with many of you, we never, probably, shall meet again in mutuality, is softened by the persuasion, that the difficulties by which you are surrounded are lessening, and that some who are now opposing you, will, ere long, join you in efforts which shall remove from the minds, both of abolitionists and slaveholders, the belief so generally entertained, that the Society of Friends in this country are not earnestly engaged for the total and immediate abolition of slavery. No one regrets more than myself, that any friends to the cause of abolition should connect other topics with it, which, however suitable to be discussed on their own merits, must necessarily interfere with this simple and momentous object. You are aware of some of the circumstances which may have led to the state of feeling, with many in our Society, which we so much deplore. And it is my fervent desire that none of you, in any steps you may consider it your duty to take, may afford just cause of uneasiness by any compromise of Christian principle, any improper harshness of language, or by the introduction of any subject not strictly belonging to the anti-slavery cause. Your situation is one of peculiar difficulty and delicacy. Both from a regard to your own religious Society, and the suffering slave, you have need to exercise great watchfulness, and to cultivate feelings of brotherly love, and that "charity which suffereth long, and is kind." The beautiful example of John Woolman, in this respect, is worthy of your imitation. His labors were, for years, far less encouraged by the leading influences of society, than your own at the present time; yet we find, in reading his invaluable journal, no traces of bitterness or uncharitable feeling.

Finally, dear friends of all classes, in thus freely addressing you, I have written not only with a strong attachment to our religious Society, but, I trust, under a feeling of a degree of that love which is not confined to geographical boundaries, or affected by color or by climate. The prayer of my heart is, that each of you may be willing to be made instrumental in the Divine Hands, in faithfully maintaining our Christian testimony against slavery; bearing in mind that the labors of your ancestors have greatly increased your responsibility, by separating you from those influences which so often the feelings, and harden the heart against the claims of our brethren in bonds. May these considerations, viewed in connection with the difficulties which obstruct the progress of emancipation in this land, stimulate you to increased exertion; and when you are summoned to the bar of that final tribunal, toward which we are all hastening, may you have the inexpressible consolation, of reflecting that you have performed all you could towards "undoing the heavy burden and letting the oppressed go free."

I am, very sincerely, your friend,
JOSEPH STURGE.
New-York, 7th month 17th, 1841.

I should, I believe, do wrong to conceal the sorrow which I have felt, that the scheme of African colonization, the great support of which, at the present time, appears to be hostility to anti-slavery efforts and an unchristian prejudice against color, still has the sympathy and the active aid of some members of our Society.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

Our colored friends in Boston commemorated this highly interesting occasion by a public service in honor of David Ruggles, of New-York, editor of the Mirror of Liberty.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society celebrated this glorious anniversary in Marlboro' Chapel, Boston.—Addresses from Wendell Phillips, Ellis Gray Loring, John A. Collins, and Wm. L. Garrison.

In Salem, Mass. an address was delivered by the Rev. C. S. Renshaw, of Jamaica, and appropriate music by the junior members of the colored Sabbath-school. At the close of the exercises, a collation was provided at Masonic Hall.

A meeting was held at Norristown, Pa. Elon Galusha and Benjamin Shaw were expected to be among the speakers.

At the Second Congregational Church in Philadelphia, an appropriate address was delivered by one of the original formers of the American Anti-Slavery Society, a signer of the Declaration of Sentiments, and a tried veteran, who has labored at the North and the South in the holy cause of emancipation.

The Anniversary was likewise observed at Peterboro, New-York.

In the city of New-York, the colored people had appropriate services in their churches. The Committee of the American Society applied for the use of Broadway Tabernacle, for a commemoration of their own; but the proprietor, Mr. Hale, of the Journal of Commerce, refused, unless a pledge would be given that no woman should be allowed to speak within the walls; alleging that "the building would thereby be brought into contempt, as Marlboro' Chapel in Boston had been."

It was not supposed that any woman had the intention of speaking; but had any one chosen to do so (a member

of the Society of Friends, for instance) our free principles would not have allowed a prohibition; the application was therefore withdrawn.

"They have not wit enough to take care of themselves."

Four or five years since, a Tennessee planter visited an acquaintance, who lived some thirty or forty miles from his residence. Rambling through the fields while the gangs were at work, he inquired if he had any "niggers" to sell. "Perhaps I have," was the reply. "What do you want?"

The planter pointed to a fine-looking, athletic mulatto, and said, "I like the looks of that boy. What will you take for him?"

"He's worth the highest price; for he's a prime hand."

"Has he no bad tricks?"

"To be frank with you, he has one devilish bad trick. He's very slippery about his freedom. If you take him, you must look well to it, or he'll slip through your fingers."

With a significant compression of his lip, and a flourish of his cane, the planter answered, "Leave me to take care of that; I'll manage him."

After some further conversation, it was agreed that the slave should be transferred to a new master; and that he should be sent by a baggage wagon, which at stated seasons went round a certain section for the accommodation of the citizens. A written order was to be given for the money, which was to be paid on the delivery of the slave.

Now it chanced that the negro, as he toiled in the field, overheard the conversation of the two gentlemen concerning himself, and drew shrewd inferences therefrom, though he gave no sign of intelligence.

He was asked no questions concerning the transfer of himself to other hands; though naturally enough it might be supposed to be a subject of some interest to him. The baggage wagon came at the appointed time, and he was ordered to stow himself in it. This he did with cheerful acquiescence, and soon entered into friendly chat with the driver, who was a mulatto, of about his size and height. They beguiled the way with multifarious discourse, until they came to a path, which branched from the main road, and led to the planter's house.—The slave knew it well; for he had heard accurate directions given concerning his own removal.

The moment he saw the horse's head turned in that direction, he sprang suddenly upon the driver, tied his hands behind him, with a cord he had purposely brought in his pocket, and then fastened him tight to a stake in the wagon. The man was taken so entirely by surprise, that before he comprehended the nature of his situation, it was too late to help himself. The slave rifled his pocket for the order for money, and then boldly trotted up to the planter's gate, saying, "Here, sir, is a slave Mr. — told me to deliver to you," and at the same time he presented the order for the money.

"It's no such thing," said the enraged prisoner; "he is the slave, and I am the driver of this wagon. He took me by surprise, and mastered me before I thought of it."

"Ah," said the slave, "You'll have trouble with that fellow. His master told me so when I took him, that he had played many a slippery trick for his freedom; and I found him slippery, sure enough. I never should have got him here, if I hadn't tied him hand and foot; and now the cunning rascal wants to palm me off for the slave."

The joke appeared to him so good that he laughed heartily. The planter had a very dim recollection of the driver; and the slave he had never seen but once, amid a gang of sable and brown faces. He was really unable to determine for himself which was the driver and which the slave; but recollecting what had been said about slippery tricks to obtain freedom, he thought that the prisoner was in all probability the slave. He accordingly paid the money, and detained him, in spite of his furious protestations.

The real slave jogged on to Canada, horses, wagon, money, and all. Slavery so reverses all moral rules, that it requires an effort to blame him so severely as we ought, for thus seizing payment due for years of unrequited toil. The driver, luckily for himself, was able to prove his freedom by white witnesses; so one planter lost his money, and the other his slave.—L. M. C.

BEASTS OF BURDEN.

A gentleman from South Carolina once said to the editor, "I really pity you northern women. As I walked home from church yesterday, I heard one lady say to another, 'I want you to dine with me to-morrow; that is, if all my servants don't take it into their heads to go off before that time.' I thought to myself, how I would make the southern ladies laugh by repeating this remark. Our slaves would consider it a hard exaction to become New England house-keepers. Professor Dev said rightly, 'The women of the North are mere beasts of burden.'"

I did not enter into a prolonged argument; for I knew the man, under the influence of alarmed self-interest and strongly excited prejudice, was saying much that he knew to be untrue.

I told him so, with as much courtesy as possible; and quietly remarked, "I, for one, consider it more respectable, and more comfortable, to be a Beast of Burden than a Beast of Prey."

GENEROUS DONATION.

In the list of donations to our Treasury, the past week, is one of \$250 00, from Amos Clement, of Danville, Vt. Perhaps we shall pain the feelings of the unperturbed donor, (who evidently made the contribution from a sense of duty, and not to gain the applause of men); but we would fain let the example of a hard-working Vermont Farmer shine before others in our ranks, who have the means of imitating his spontaneous liberality by still larger contributions. Will they not do it? It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Clement was enabled to make this timely donation by withholding his support from a pro-slavery minister.

When Samuel J. May first began to feel interested in the anti-slavery cause, Mr. Garrison's zeal naturally seemed to him excessive. Having one day listened to an outburst of indignation, he exclaimed, "Why, brother Garrison, you are all on fire!" With eloquent solemnity, he replied, "Brother May, I have need to be all on fire!—for there are mountains of ice around me to melt."

Many anti-slavery friends will be interested to learn, that Amos Dresser returned from Jamaica, in company with D. S. Ingraham, whose death is noticed in this paper.

As many have expressed a wish for a copy of Joseph Sturge's Letter, we shall have an extra number of papers printed, for their convenience.

Next week we shall publish a list of the Treasurer's receipts since July 7.

Deaths.

In Belleville, N. J. (at the house of T. D. Weld), on Sunday morning, Aug. 1, of consumption, DAVID S. INGRAHAM, Missionary among the emancipated slaves of Jamaica, W. I., aged 30 years. He was a native of Monroe county, N. Y., and went to Jamaica in 1837. On the 1st July, being convinced that he had but a short time to live, he embarked for the United States, hoping that he might be permitted to die under his father's roof in Michigan. In this he was disappointed. He landed at Baltimore on the 24th ult., and reached Belleville only three days before his death. He died, as we are informed, in the full possession of his intellectual faculties, and in a peaceful, happy frame of mind.

At St. Ann's Bay, Jamaica, on the 22d of June, of the "West India Fever," JAMES G. BARRADELO, of Boston. He was a highly respectable and intelligent citizen; and was for several years a member of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. He

went out, with other adventurers, in company with Samuel Whitmarsh, of Northampton, whose intention it was to establish the cultivation of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk in Jamaica. We fear he did not retrieve his worldly fortunes, which were in a deranged state. He has left a wife, and a family of children, to mourn his loss.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLEDGE.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary.

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard, in account of the money that may be received into the treasury under this provision.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some certain data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged,	\$135 00
136 Isaac Hatch, New York,	1 00
137 Dr. B. Wilmarth, Leverett, Mass.	1 00
138 David Thompson, Auburn, N. Y.	1 00
139 Elizabeth G. Ford, Dedham, Mass.	1 00
140 Sophia Ford, " "	1 00
141 Esther Ford, " "	1 00
142 E. Worthington, " "	1 00
143 L. M. Allen, " "	1 00
144 Mary Ann Allen, " "	1 00
145 Louis Allen, " "	1 00
146 Catherine H. Spear, " "	1 00
147 Joseph Hutchinson, " "	1 00
148 Mary Hutchinson, " "	1 00
149 Susan Guild, " "	1 00
150 Sophia Guild, " "	1 00
151 Mary M. Guild, " "	1 00
152 Elizabeth Messenger, " "	1 00
153 Edmund Quincy, " "	1 00
154 Augusta V. Reed, Greenville, " "	1 00
155 Louisa Humphrey, " "	1 00
156 Moses Saven, Southboro, Mass.	1 00
157 Orilla K. Brierly, Millbury, Mass.	1 00
158 Lucretia C. Sibley, Dudley, Mass.	1 00
159 John W. Pittsburg, Pa.	1 00
160 Sarah Bown, " "	1 00
161 Angelina S. Bown, Oberlin, Ohio,	1 00
162 Joseph Post, Westbury, L. I.	1 00
163 Mary W. Post, " "	1 00
164 Mrs. Timothy Prescott, Concord, Mass.	1 00
165 Mary Rice, " "	1 00
166 Deborah Farnball, " "	1 00
167 Phebe Wheeler, " "	1 00
168 Mrs. Samuel Barrett, " "	1 00
169 Susan Garrison, " "	1 00
170 Mary M. Brooks, " "	1 00
171 D. B. Gerrish, " "	1 00
172 Timothy Hartwell, Acton, Mass.	1 00
173 Ebenezer Davis, " "	1 00
174 Sarah D. Wheeler, " "	1 00
175 Nathaniel S. Adams, " "	1 00
176 Daniel Jones, " "	1 00
177 Dr. Amos Farnsworth, Grotton, Mass.	1 00
178 Mary E. Farnsworth, " "	1 00
179 Henry A. Farnsworth, " "	1 00
180 Geo. W. Farnsworth, " "	1 00
181 Maj. A. Farnsworth, " "	1 00
182 Luke Farnsworth, " "	1 00
183 James Needham, " "	1 00
184 Daniel Needham, " "	1 00
185 Benjamin Hall, " "	1 00
186 Timothy Blood, " "	1 00
187 George W. Bancroft, " "	1 00
188 George W. Bancroft, " "	1 00
189 Henry A. Bancroft, " "	1 00
190 Jonas Woods, Dunstable, Mass.	1 00
191 Sally Woods, " "	1 00
192 Sarah S. Woods, " "	1 00
193 Lucy Gates, Townsend, Mass.	1 00
194 John Clement, " "	1 00
195 Cephas Manning, " "	1 00
196 Warren Eastman, " "	1 00
197 Charles A. Hutson, Westford, Mass.	1 00
198 Sarah Osgood, " "	1 00
199 Hannah Leighton, " "	1 00
200 Albert Leighton, " "	1 00
201 John Osgood, " "	1 00
202 Jonathan Blackwelder, " "	1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Congress.

CONGRESS are now really doing business rapidly. The Bank Bill has passed the Senate, yeas 26, nays 23. Mr. Benton spoke on the subject of the amendment made to the Bill, by which he said the branching power was to be enforced against the assent of the states. The Supreme Court would reverse their former decision on this subject. He would undertake to go with a writ into Court for this purpose, and return with a reversal as soon as the papers could be read.

A strong party throughout the country have already raised the cry of repeal against the new Bank, even if it should pass through all the forms of legislation. A circumstance not favorable to the disposal of stock.

The new Tariff, or Revenue Bill has passed the House by 31 majority. The democratic members all voted in the negative.

The Home Squadron Bill passed in the House, yeas, 184, nays 8.

In the House, the Fortification Bill, appropriating above two millions, in addition to an unexpended balance of former appropriations of about \$800,000, was passed by 148 yeas, to 66 nays. During the debate on this Bill in the Senate, Sevier, of Arkansas, objected that not a dollar was appropriated for the whole western frontier. Preston, of S. C. urged that there were strong considerations which induced us to make the sea ports as defensible as possible, and in the shortest possible time. Difficulties had arisen in our relations with Great Britain, which were becoming more and more intricate every day, and great uneasiness was felt on that subject. It had become necessary to place the defenses of the Atlantic ports in such a situation as to prevent them from being carried by a coup de main. Committees had come on here and asked the attention of Congress to this subject. Otherwise the bill would not have been taken up this session.

The business completed by the House during the Session is as follows: 1st, an appropriation bill; 2d, a bill for the relief of the ladies of the District of Columbia; 3d, the Land Distribution Bill; 4th, the Navy Pension Bill; 5th, the Naval Ordinance Bill; 6th, the Loan Bill; 7th, the Fortification Bill; 8th, the Home Squadron Bill; 9th, the Tariff, or Revenue Bill.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS IN THE McLEOD CASE.

As a general thing, the democratic prints appear to sustain the decision of the Court; while the Administration papers lean to the opposite side. The New York American thinks the decision avoids the main point in the case—the exclusive right of the Federal Government to deal in all foreign questions. If each of the States decides what is the law of nations, the General Government becomes a mere nullity. It thinks this opinion argues and determines the question at issue between this government and Great Britain. The course of the late administration on this point, was not objected to by the Executive Government of New-York.

The Evening Post says—"Compared with the flimsy letter of Mr. Webster, it is a masterly performance.—He exhausts the topic, and leaves little or nothing more to be said." The Post advises McLeod not to carry his case to the Court of Errors, because a majority of the Court have already decided against him.

The Philadelphia Enquirer puts the question, "What will Fox do?—Will he demand his passports, or will he await the decision of the judicial tribunal?" McLeod's counsel mean to carry the case before the New-York Court for the Correction of Errors, and if it affirms the decision of the Court below, they intend to carry it up to the Supreme Court of the United States. But the case the Court of Errors of New-York does affirm the decision of the Court below, and a jury trial is had, the Enquirer thinks it can still come before the Supreme Court of the United States, to decide the point of release. Here, are, then, various things to be gone through with. Will Mr. Fox await the decision of these tribunals, or will he demand his passports? His last demand was rather peremptory. Should he wait, the Enquirer considers the affair will be settled without difficulty. A demand of the passports will be followed by trouble. It would seem the government to be prepared for every emergency.

The New York Sun says—"It embraces all the learning, all the law, and all the common sense of the case." The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times asks—"What will be the consequence of this decision? Perhaps a war. It is possible the British Minister will demand his passports, and return immediately to Great Britain. Who cares? Are we to be deterred from the pursuit of justice by any extrinsic apprehensions?"

The Baltimore Patriot says—"McLeod is anxious the case should go to the jury forthwith. It is to be hoped it will, to save time. The opinion of Judge Cowan will, in all probability, be affirmed by the Court of Errors."

The Albany Evening Journal, a whig paper however, thinks the decision conclusive, and "congratulates the people upon a decision which maintains the supremacy of the laws."

SLAVE CONSPIRACY IN LOUISIANA.

The date of this intended insurrection, viz. the 1st of August, is expressive. It indicates that the slaves get some items of Foreign news. When, when will the blind South seek safety in doing justly? When will they learn to trust to principles instead of Bowie knives?

The Commercial Bulletin of New-Orleans, says:—

INTENDED REVOLT OF SLAVES.

Intelligence was received yesterday by the packet steamer Clipper, from Bayou Sara, of a systematic plan on the part of the negroes to rise upon and murder the whites. The news, greatly exaggerated in its repetition, has created quite a sensation in town. The plain truth is certainly sufficient to occasion serious apprehensions.

The particulars we have received are these:—

The overseer of the plantation of Robert J. Barrow, of West Feliciana, having occasion to arise from his bed late in one of the recent hot nights, heard what he believed to be negroes conversing in one of the quarters. On

silently approaching the vicinity and listening, he overheard two of the slaves discussing the subject of a rising against the whites. This led to the examination the next morning of the two fellows, when they confessed the fact, and gave information that led to the arrest of several others. The alarm was immediately spread abroad, arrests were made in various plantations, and it was found by the confessions that they all agreed in the main facts, that there was to be a general rise, and that the first of August was the day agreed upon.

A white man, a carpenter, who had lately done a job of work for Mr. Barrow, was also arrested on suspicion, and examined. He said he had nothing to do with the plot—that he had never said any thing to the negroes on the subject, but acknowledged that they frequently spoke to him, and informed him about it.

This man, with about 40 negroes, all of whom had confessed their knowledge of the intended rising, were in the jail at St. Francisville, guarded by a company of volunteers. Their examination by a competent tribunal, was to have commenced yesterday at 10 A. M.

At Woodville, we learn numerous slaves were confined in the jail, having confessed to the same facts as those arrested in Feliciana.

Captain Laurent states that on stopping at Point Coupee, to communicate information of the situation of the affairs abroad, several gentlemen recollected occurrences of recent date which tended to confirm the suspicions that the slaves of their section were parties to the wicked plot. Doctor — said he had been asked what day of the month it was, by some negroes, within the last few days, than in seven years before—and there had been unusual assemblies of the slaves, in rather by-places, for several Sundays past.

Some of the negroes have confessed that the combination was from Bayou Sara to Natchez.

It may not be amiss to remark, that the plantations in Feliciana and Wilkinson county, from which the slaves were taken who are imprisoned, are owned by the most wealthy and respectable planters of the State, whose kind and humane treatment of their slaves is proverbial.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

The Bulletin of the same date says:—

At the time of the departure of the Clipper, the greatest consternation prevailed at Bayou Sara and the neighborhood, and the inhabitants were armed and maintained a constant watch. The negroes were to be tried on Wednesday, and it was believed that a short shrift and a speedy doom would be awarded to the guilty.

In addition to this intelligence, we find in yesterday's Courier some statements corroborating the above. A considerable number of slaves, says that journal, fled to the ravines and swamps as soon as they heard of the arrest of the leaders. Many slaves among the plantations in the neighborhood of Woodville (Miss.) had been apprehended. The Courier publishes the following letter from a respectable inhabitant, dated

Poetry.

From the Scottish Journal.
STANZAS.

"These stanzas are by the author of the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' and were given to the world in an interesting review of 'Watte's Remains' in the Edinburgh Philological Library. It appeared that one of his favorite melodies, 'Glenasmole,' he never heard without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it that came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. They all appeared to him to want individuality of feeling. At the desire of a friend, he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which seem hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears."

"He was asked whether he had any recollection in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was, he had not, but that he had sung the air over and over, till he had burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee!
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind has passed,
The time would 'e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look no last,
And thou should'st smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say,
What thou'rt e'er left unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary!—thou art dead!

If thou would'st stir, even as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While even thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee—
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

A SUMMER MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

How sweetly on the hill-side sleeps
The sunlight with its quickening rays!
The verdant trees that crown the steep,
Grow greener in its quivering blaze:
While all the air that round us floats
With subtle wing, breathes only life—
And, ringing with a thousand notes,
The woods with song are rife.

Why, this is nature's holiday!
She puts her gayest mantle on—
And, sparkling o'er her pebbly way,
With gladder shoes the brooklets run:
The birds and breezes seem to give
A sweeter cadence to their song—
A brighter life the insects live,
That float in life along.

"The cattle on a thousand hills,"
The fleecy flocks that dot the vale,
All joy alike in life, that fills
The air, and breathes in every gale!
And who that has a heart and eye
To feel the bliss and drink it in,
But pants, for scenes like these, to fly
The city's smoke and din—

A sweet companionship to hold
With Nature in her forest-bowers,
And learn the gentle lesson told
By singing birds and opening flowers?
Nor do they err who love her lore—
Though books have power to stir my heart,
Yet Nature's varied page can more
Of rapturous joy impart!

No selfish joy—'till duty calls,
Not suddenly I turn from these—
Though dear the dash of water-falls,
The wind's low voice among the trees,
Birds, flowers, and flocks—for God hath taught
—Oh keep, my heart, the lesson still—
His soul alone with bliss is fraught,
Who heeds the FATHER'S will!

ALAS! HOW SOON THE HEART FORGETS.

BY C. G. EASTMAN.

Alas! how soon the heart forgets
Its deepest, wildest pain;
The tear an hour the eyelids wet,
And all is joy again;
Still rushes on the tide of men,
As though the past had never been.

A year, one year, is scarcely gone,
Since, in the yellow fall,
We heaped the frozen clay upon
The dearest of us all;
And now, alas! as 'twere a dream,
The memory of that day doth seem,

She was our life but yesterday,
And by her tombstone now
We sing, and plant the mellow corn,
And drive the furrowing plough,
As gay as if beneath that stone
Were sleeping one we'd never known.

WRONG NOT THE LABORING POOR.

BY BENJAMIN ELLIOT, OF SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

Wrong not the laboring poor by whom ye live!
Wrong not your humble fellow-workers, ye proud!
For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

O be not like the vapors, splendor-rolled,
That, sprung from earth's green breast, usurp the sky,
Then spread around contagion black and cold,
Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die!

No! imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise,
Freighted with bliss, from river, vale, and plain;
The thankful clouds, that beautify the skies,
Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes! emulate the mountain and the flood,
That trade in blessings with the mighty deep!
Till soothed to peace, and satisfied with good,
Man's heart be happy as a child asleep.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SMOOTH CHARACTERS.

There's nothing makes me half so mad,
(And sure there's nothing half so bad),
As a smooth, easy, Christian, shallow man,
Faith, give me a hurricane of words,
Or cut me with a thousand swords;
But heaven preserve me in this mortal snare,
Brief and overcharged with horrid exhibitions,

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:
OR
LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XVII.

Notwithstanding the many ingenious devices suggested and canvassed that night, when the following morning came, Edward Bligh told his sister that he had determined upon using none of them, but intended simply to present himself to their wealthy neighbor, and, unless he saw something in his manner that was discouraging, to state the case of Caesar at once, and ask his assistance in concealing him till the first heat of pursuit should be over.

Edward set forth, accordingly; and the day being Sunday, Lucy consented to accompany him for a part of the way. The distance did not exceed three miles; and rather than lose the pleasure of his company on the return, a pleasure, as she said, that would soon become very rare, she placed herself under a tree at no great distance, though perfectly concealed from the house, and there awaited his return. Edward boldly entered the premises, and requesting to see "the master," was ushered into the common sitting room of the Steinmark family. Frederick Steinmark was, as usual, occupied at the upper end of the apartment with a book; and, as usual, too, on this day of rest, his still beautiful wife was surrounded by her sons; the circle being now augmented by Fritz, and a young friend and countryman, who had accompanied him from Philadelphia. It was impossible to mistake the figure of the master. The high forehead, now nearly deserted by the light curls that formerly covered it—the slight contraction of the brow, which denoted at once age and thought, distinguished him sufficiently from the bright young faces which occupied the other end of the apartment.

Edward approached him, and said, "Mr. Steinmark, I believe? May I take the liberty of begging to speak to you alone?" Such a request would in general have fallen more heavily on the ear of Frederick Steinmark than the announcement of the visit of a wolf or a hurricane; but, somewhat to the surprise of his family, he now rose with alacrity from his chair, and led the way to a small room on the opposite side of the entrance, followed by Edward. Could their historian do justice to the character of Frederick Steinmark, or to the countenance of Edward Bligh, this deviation from the usual habits of the former would create no surprise; for never did features more speakingly proclaim gentleness, intelligence, and refinement, than those of Edward.

When the door of the little room was closed upon them, and they were both seated, the young American once more raised his eyes to the face of his host; and if any doubt remained on his mind as to the security with which he might tell him all, that glance removed it.

"When you know my business, sir," said Edward, "I think you will forgive the freedom I have taken, and am about to take."

"I am quite sure of it, sir, let that freedom be what it may," replied the German.

"You have a large estate here," resumed Edward, "and I am told that you own no slaves. May I not believe that this is a proof of your condemning slavery?"

"I would have said it a proof to all men, that I abhor it from my soul," replied Frederick Steinmark, with energy.

"Thank God," replied poor Edward, fervently.—"It is long since I have heard such words." "But why should they affect you so strongly, my young friend?" demanded Steinmark.

"I will tell you, sir. If you abhor slavery, you must be touched with compassion for those who are its victims. One of these, a young man of my own age, and whom I have known, familiarly, from my birth,—one of the most guileless, faithful, and affectionate of human beings,—is, at this moment, exposed to all the fearful danger that threatens a slave who has run from his master. The reasons of his doing so, I could explain much to his honor, did I not fear to intrude on your kind patience. But I have no means whatever of concealing him; he is, at present, lying hid in the forest at a few miles distance; and unless I can discover some shelter for him soon, I cannot hope that he will escape the pursuit which will, before it ceases, leave no thicker unexplored."

Steinmark listened with the most earnest attention; the tale had for the present effectually ceased his absence of mind.

"If my premises can afford protection to the poor fellow, be sure he shall have it," said he. "But, may I ask how it happens that you, an American, an inhabitant of Louisiana, and, if I mistake not, formerly the owner of this young negro, should feel thus keenly the misery and the sin produced by this dreadful system? I have been fifteen years in this country, and you are the first man from whom I have heard such sentiments."

Edward hesitated a moment, not from any averseness to disclose his situation, and the circumstances which led to it, to the man before him, but rather from a fear of being beguiled by the interest expressed in the gentle eye that rested on him, into becoming too tediously his own biographer.

"Let me not distress you," said Steinmark, remarking this hesitation, and believing it indicated circumstances that it might be painful to disclose.—"I feel that my question was unauthorized. Let us rather revert."

"Mr. Steinmark," interrupted Edward, with vivacity, "it is long, very long, since I have had the gratification of speaking to any one, except my young sister, to whom I could venture to express my feelings. If I now hesitate to answer you, it is because I fear that I may be led to speak of myself too much. Without this fear, it would indeed be a comfort and consolation to tell you what I am, and why I am no better."

"We seem, my young friend," resumed Steinmark, with his own peculiar smile of irresistible sweetness, "to have more than one peculiarity in common. It is long, very long, too, since I have encountered a human being, out of my own family, to whom I could speak with freedom; and now we have met, I should be sorry to think the acquaintance was likely to end."

Edward held out his hand, without speaking. At that moment his voice could not have served to express his feelings so well as his action. He was fully understood, however; and these two very shy men, of different ages and different nations, felt mutually that they were far advanced toward intimacy and friendship.

"May I, then, come to see you again?" said Edward, cheerfully: "I cannot indulge myself now. I have left my sister waiting for me in the forest, and she will be most painfully anxious to hear the result of my petition for shelter, in behalf of poor Caesar. Shall I tell her that you have promised to conceal him?"

"You may, indeed. But shall we not see your sister? Why not request her to join us?"

From this, however, Edward excused himself. He had as yet made no acquaintance with the kind Mary, and her lovely daughter; and the group of gay-looking young men he had caught sight of, would, he thought, positively frighten Lucy. It was, therefore, settled that Edward should now take his leave, and return about midnight with Caesar, leaving to the morrow the renewal of the conversation which had so much interested both.

"And your name, my friend?" said Frederick Steinmark, holding out his hand.

"Edward Bligh,"

came the idea of his sister, and the pleasure of relating his success; but with this came also the remembrance of their approaching separation, and the melancholy thought that poor Lucy, toiling with her needle in Mrs. Shepherd's store, at Natchez, would be as forlorn and miserable as if no such being as Frederick Steinmark existed in the world. His pace slackened as he thought of this; and his last steps were taken so languidly, and the expression of his countenance so sad, that as Lucy rose to meet him, she exclaimed—

"Alas! Edward, I see that you have failed. God help him, poor fellow!"

"This was uttered with such rapid vehemence, that the 'No, no, no!' of Edward was unheeded, and the poor girl burst into tears.

"Why, what a kill-joy face must mine be, Lucy, that the sight of me, even when I bring you the most happy tidings, should throw you into such complete despair! I have not failed, Lucy. On the contrary, I have found a safe asylum for Caesar, if any can be safe,—and for myself, a friend, such as I never hoped to meet on earth. This Frederick Steinmark, Lucy, is a man that one might fancy was created to make a kill between heaven and earth."

"Edward!" ejaculated his sister, with a feeling almost like dismay at a burst of such unvoiced vehemence from one so calm,—at least on all themes but one; "how strangely wild that sounds, when speaking of a man whom you have known, perhaps, for forty minutes! But if he will save Caesar, I, too, will love and honor him,—though scarcely with such high-flown ecstasy as yours."

Edward answered her reproach with a light and happy smile.

"You know not what you talk of, my dear child. You have no idea of the being that lives under, cashed in the forest, and hid, as it should seem, from all the world. His eye, his smile, his voice, his words!"

As he thus vividly brought the image of his new acquaintance before his mind's eye, his memory suddenly recalled to him the looks, words, and actions he had witnessed the day before in Mr. Vandump's store.

"God of the universe!" he exclaimed, with awe, "inscrutable are thy ways! All, all have immortal souls! all in thine own image! Oh, how defaced, deformed! Can they be recognized? Can we believe them of the same race? What is the tincture of the skin, compared with this deep-dyed deformity?—Deep to the centre, to the inmost soul!"

Lucy walked beside him, her arm locked in his; but she felt that these words were not addressed to her. It was not the first time that she had heard her brother break forth thus in soliloquy, as if his mind started aside from the theme on which they were conversing; and whenever this happened, a vague terror, lest sorrow might at last shake his noble understanding, shot through her heart.

But the fear was as transitory as the cause of it, and left no trace, of which she was conscious, on her mind, except, perhaps, a sort of quiet firmness that she cherished there as a fund of strength in time of need, that might make stand against the rash enthusiasm that he often manifested.

Having thus given vent, perhaps unconsciously, to the thoughts that were at work within him, Edward walked on in silence. Lucy had no courage to interrupt his meditation, but she sighed deeply.

"Forgive me, dearest love!" he exclaimed, "for suffering my thoughts to wander from Steinmark and from you, to Natchez, and some of the vilest beings that inhabit it. Shall I tell you, Lucy, why it was that, when I approached you, laden with good news, I looked as if I were the bearer of all that was dismal?"

"I wish you would. I cannot understand it."

"It was because I have found a blessing that you cannot share with me, if you keep the engagement I have made for you at Natchez."

"God bless you, dearest Edward! But do not let your thoughts and cares be always fixed on me. I shall do very well; and should I find it otherwise, you know we have already settled that I should return to you. Meanwhile, I trust that this good German, who has so enchanted you, will prove a useful friend to you as well as to Caesar."

"Ay, Lucy, that's the point. Not for myself, however; I want no man's aid. But you, Lucy—might I not hope to gain his friendship and protection for you?"

"Ask an abode for me, and with total strangers, Edward! Indeed, I shall prefer your former plan. Your dear Mrs. Shepherd has no torments for me. I see with great rapidity; and that will win me favor in her sight. All this I can agree to readily; but I pray you, Edward, do not consign me to the charity of strangers."

"Steinmark is no stranger to me, Lucy."

"But, my dear Edward, remember how much you have already asked of him. Though his ample premises, and the respect always shown to wealth, may enable him for a while to conceal Caesar, it is not the least certain that he runs great risk in doing so. Remember the outrages that have been committed at New Orleans against a Creole, as wealthy, probably, as your new German friend, and for a less offensive act than concealing a runaway slave. Mr. Steinmark braves all this at your request; pray do not tax this new-made friendship further."

"I feel that you are right—at least for the present, Lucy. But I wish that you had seen him; your accent, if not your words, would, I am sure, be different."

Lucy would not dispute this point with him; and their conversation during the rest of the day turned chiefly upon the manner of life she would be likely to lead at Natchez. The visit to Reichland had produced effects exactly opposite on the minds of the brother and sister respecting the new scheme. Her dread of being dependent upon strangers, reconciled her perfectly to that which, a few hours before, she had shrunk from with distaste and fear; while the bare possibility that the protection of Steinmark might be obtained for her, made Edward deeply regret the measure, in the success of which he had so recently rejoiced.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as the night closed in, Edward set off, accompanied by his sister, for a certain point on the left bank of the forest, between Fox's clearing and the plantation of Colonel Dart. It was here that, for some weeks past, at the same dark hour of every Sabbath night, he had met such of the negroes as had courage to creep from their beds and assemble around him to pray, to listen to a portion of the Scriptures, and to such an exhortation from him as their peculiar circumstances called for.

The eloquence of Edward Bligh was of no mean order. His copious reading had enriched his style; and his strong feelings and enthusiastic piety lent a fervor and a force to all he uttered, that could hardly fail of producing great effect. The poor negroes who listened to him failed not to feel this effect, though unconscious of the cause that produced it. Their souls were roused from apathy, and in many cases elevated to hopes as pure, as well founded, and as sublime, as those which inspired the young preacher who addressed them.

The first time they met to keep the holy Sabbath night, one man, Peggy, Phebe, and three other women, formed the congregation; but the numbers had gradually increased, and on the preceding Sunday amounted to nearly fifty. Each individual approached the spot, as nearly as might be, alone, and no sound was heard, no human voice presumed to pierce the solemn stillness, till the low, clear tones of Edward were heard to pronounce, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

As it was considered essential to the safety of the meeting, that the persons who composed it should arrive singly, Edward and Lucy did not join them till it was supposed they had all assembled; and it is difficult to conceive anything more wild and impressive than the scene which had hitherto greeted them when they reached the ground. Seated in dusky groups, sometimes but dimly visible, still as the solid earth on which they reposed, and silent as the stars that gleamed above them, the humble people waited to hear the word of God. A less exalted spirit than that of Edward Bligh, might have been warmed into enthusiasm by this spectacle; and he never took his place among them without silently renewing the vow he had made to Heaven, that no earthly consideration should ever induce him to abandon the attempt of leading these suffering spirits to seek for consolation before the throne of God.

On the night which followed Edward's visit to Reichland, he and his sister reached the ground a little earlier than usual, that no time should be lost in waiting for them. They knew how impatiently Caesar must be expecting them, and were anxious that the delay necessarily occasioned by the meeting should be as short as possible. They were not,

mained for about a quarter of an hour, patiently waiting the arrival of their sable friends. Edward looked at that portion of the sky which the opening gave to his view, and perceived by the position of the stars, that the usual hour of meeting was past.

"Something must have happened at the plantation, Lucy, to prevent the people from coming to-night," said Edward in a whisper.

"Poor Phebe! she then accounts for her absence," replied Lucy in the same still tone. "But we must wait no longer, Edward, or you may be too late for your appointment with Mr. Steinmark."

Edward rose without answering, and taking the arm of his sister, was about to traverse the opening in the direction of Caesar's retreat, when the moonlight made distinctly visible the diminutive and decrepit figure of old Juno, who at that moment issued from behind a palmetto that grew beside their path.

"The favor of the most High shield and protect you, blessed children!" she said as they approached. "Marvel not that your poor people are not here to receive the balm you bring them. It is at Juno's bidding that they are absent; and you will not believe that it was for nothing she forbade those who hunger and thirst to come where only they could find the nourishment they lack."

"Wherefore then, Juno, have you prevented their coming?" said Edward.

"Shall I tell you now?" said the old woman. "See," she continued, pointing with her bamboo towards the heavens, "it is late, and my tale might wax long—must I indeed tell you all now?"

"No, no," said Lucy eagerly. "Juno, be here to-morrow night!"

"You so, sweet one," replied the old woman mournfully.

"The night after then?"

"Not so," she repeated in the same accents.

"On Wednesday then?"

Juno shook her head, saying, "When you may see Juno safely, you shall see her, chosen of Heaven! But you must be patient. It grows late," she continued, looking again toward the sky; "do not force me to remain longer with you now."

"No, no," said Edward hastily, and drawing his sister onward; "we will not stay to hear you now, Juno. Another time. Good night."

"The blessing of the suffering wrap you round like incense, and hide you from every wicked eye!" said the aged woman stepping out of their way, and dropping on her knees beside the path. She then raised her clasped hands to heaven, and her lips moved in prayer.

"One word, one single word, dearest Edward!" said Lucy eagerly; and withdrawing her arm from his, she stepped back to the old woman, and laying her hand upon her shoulder, uttered the name of Phebe!

"Safe," was the equally laconic reply; and Lucy darted after her brother, repeating the word in an accent of the most heartfelt joy.

"Alas, my love," said Edward gravely, "do you really place any confidence in the words of that poor maniac?"

"And you will still have it, Edward, that Juno is not in her right senses? How strange that seems to me!"

"My doubts of her sanity cannot seem more strange to you, Lucy, than your belief in it to me."

"And what are the grounds, Edward, upon which you found the idea that she has lost her reason? Surely not because she is old, and speaks in language that shows more instruction than can be met with in those around her? And yet if it be not on these grounds, I see not any other for the suspicion."

"Is it possible, Lucy, that you do not perceive her wild enthusiasm?"

"I perceive her enthusiasm," replied Lucy gravely; then added with a sigh, "But why should we call it wild, Edward?"

"Because it evidently betrays her into excess, not of faith—that is impossible; but into unreasonable excess of fervor in the expression of it."

A painful feeling oppressed the heart of Lucy, as she listened to him. She had conversed much and often with old Juno; but in her estimation, enthusiasm often took a shade of greater wildness than in her. She drew the idea from her with an effort, and replied—"You have no faith, then, in that delightful word pronounced so confidently? You do not believe that Phebe is in safety?"

"I confess, Lucy, that Juno's saying it goes not for much with me. It may be true, or it may not. It may be true in some mystical sense of her own, in explaining which she might keep the word of promise; but she breaks it to the sense. I am greatly grieved that this poor crazy soul should have such influence among our people as to prevent their meeting us."

Lucy feared to push the discussion further. There was a vexed tone in her brother's voice very unusual with him, and she began talking of Caesar, and of the probable security of the asylum promised him. Earnestly and cheerfully he entered on this theme; assuring her that he conceived the situation more secure than any other could possibly be; as from the circumstance of Mr. Steinmark's having no negroes in his employ, there could be no pretence to search among his laborers; a process which was often the means of betraying an unfortunate wretch into the savage hands from which he had escaped.

On arriving at Caesar's lair, they found the poor fellow eagerly looking out for them. His body indeed was completely concealed; but his black head was protruded beyond the bush, and was most distinctly visible in the moonlight. Lucy chid him for this imprudence; but Caesar seemed too happy to listen to her, and crawling briskly from his hiding place, he actually began to gambol round them in the very ecstasy of joy at their return. There was, however, no time to be lost—not even sufficient to explain the success of their exertions to the gay object of them. "Follow me, Caesar," said Edward, hastily; "we must be quick, or the friend that waits for us may give us up and be off his post."

This hint was abundantly sufficient; and he set off with all the recovered powers of his active limbs.

"Do we walk too fast for you, Lucy?" said Edward, pausing for a moment.

"You can take a shorter cut," she replied, "than that which leads by our door. Fear not for me, dear Edward; even without this glorious moon I should not fear to find my way alone. Adieu, good Caesar! We shall meet again; and now go on with all the speed you can." So saying she dropped quietly behind them, and in a few minutes they were out of sight.

Another moonlit mile, traversed without encountering a single living object, unless the ceaseless noise of the wakeful bull-frog, which accompanied her the whole way, be considered as giving evidence of an exception, brought Lucy in safety to her dwelling; but she was too anxious to hear that Caesar was in safety, also, to permit her going to bed till Edward returned. She had not long, however, to wait. Frederick Steinmark, faithful to his word, was found at the appointed spot. A cordial shake of the hand being exchanged between him and Edward, and a promise asked and given that he would speedily return to Reichland, they parted. Steinmark led Caesar to a luxurious bed of straw and a substantial supper in a loft used only for the storage of spare planks; and Edward returned to his sister, bidding her sleep as doubtless and secure as he was quite sure the object of her anxiety was about to do.

MARRIAGE OF GUIZOT.

M. Guizot, when about his twentieth year, made his literary debut in the pages of a Paris periodical, then under the editorial care of a young lady of noble family, but who, having lost her father and her most influential relatives—some of them by natural death, and others by the guillotine—was obliged to employ her talents and learning, which were great, in writing for the support of herself and those who were dependent on her. To the publication conducted by this lady M. Guizot sent contributions every month. These elicited expressions of warm admiration from the pen of the fair editress and were read with gratification by the public. Still, no one had the slightest idea from what quarter they proceeded. It so happened, that about this time the lady was taken seriously ill, and, of course, obliged to suspend for a time all literary labor. M. Guizot, having accidentally become aware of the circumstances, conveyed an anonymous intimation to her, that he (the correspondent whose writings she had so often praised) would furnish all the requisite matter for the publication until she had sufficiently recovered to resume her editorial duties; and most ably and faithfully did he fulfill his promise. The lady felt, on her restoration to health, that her noble minded, unknown friend had been the salvation of her work, and in some measure to meet in the house.

Soon afterwards, they chanced to meet in the house, together with its mistress, and approach, which ad-

habit of doing in every company in which she chanced to mix, gave utterance to her gratitude; accompanying it with expressions of the deepest regret that she had not the happiness of knowing the generous individual to whom she was laid under such infinite obligations. The reader is left to imagine what must have been M. Guizot's feelings, while all this was passing in his presence. The lapse of time, so far from denuding the lady's sense of gratitude to the friend who had so gallantly rushed to her aid in the hour of need, only served to deepen the feelings, and to impart an additional intensity to her desire to have an opportunity of thanking him in person. With this view, she inserted a paragraph in her publication, imploring her benefactor—for such, as well as friend, she considered him to be—to communicate his address to her. The notice appeared at certain intervals, without eliciting the desired information. At length, however, seeing she persisted in repeating it, as if resolved not to be defeated in an object so dear to her heart, M. Guizot forwarded his address to the office of the lady's publication. A personal interview between the parties was the result. The formation of a mutual friendship followed: that friendship soon ripened into reciprocal love; and that love, after the lapse of a limited period, was crowned and consummated at the hymeneal altar. One would explore in vain the almost boundless regions of romance in quest of a matrimonial union having been formed under more singular circumstances.

From Stephens's Travels in Central America.

SOCIETY AT BALIZE.

The town seemed in the entire possession of the blacks. The bridge, the market-places, the streets and stores were thronged with them; and I might have fancied myself in the capital of a negro republic. They were a fine-looking race, tall, straight, and athletic, with skins black, smooth, and glossy as velvet. They were well dressed; the men in white cotton shirts and trousers, with straw hats, and the women in white frocks with short sleeves and broad borders, adorned with large red earrings and necklaces. I could not help remarking, that the frock was their only article of dress, and that it was the fashion of these sable ladies to drop this considerably from off the right shoulder, and to carry the skirt in the left hand, and raise it to any height necessary for crossing puddles.

I stopped at the house of a merchant, whom I found at what is called a second breakfast. The gentleman sat on one side of the table, and his lady on the other. At the head was a British officer, and opposite him a mulatto; on his left, was another officer, and opposite him also a mulatto. By chance a place was made for me between the two colored gentlemen. Some of my countrymen, perhaps, would have hesitated about taking it, but I did not. Both were well dressed, well educated, and polite. They talked of their mahogany works, of England, hunting, horses, ladies and wine; and before I had been an hour in Balize, I learned that the great work of practical amalgamation, the subject of so much angry controversy at home, had been going on quietly for generations; that color was considered a mere matter of taste; and that some of the most respectable inhabitants had black wives and mongrel children, whom they educated with as much care, and made money for with as much zeal, as if their skins were perfectly white.

I hardly knew whether to be shocked or amazed at such a state of society.

The place contains a population of six thousand; of which four thousand are blacks, who are employed by the merchants in gangs as mahogany cutters. Their condition was always better than that of plantation slaves; even before the act for the general abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions, they were actually free; and on the 31st of August, 1839, a year before the time appointed by the act, by a general meeting and agreement of proprietors, even the nominal yoke of bondage was removed.

The event was celebrated, says the Honduras Almanac, by religious ceremonies, processions, bands of music, and banners with devices: "The sons of Ham respect the memory of Wilberforce!" "The Queen, God bless her!" "McDonald forever!" "Civil and religious liberty all over the world!" Nelson Schaw, "a snowdrop of the first water," continues the Almanac, "advanced to his excellency, Colonel McDonald, and spoke as follows: 'On the part of my emancipated brothers and sisters, I venture to approach your excellency, to entreat you to thank our most gracious Queen for all that she has done for us. We will pray for her; we will fight for her; and, if it is necessary, we will die for her. We thank